

C0-CZ

DRAWER 28

POETS

71.2004 08 05462



Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Surnames beginning Con-Cz

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Lincoln and the Little Girl

During war a little damsel
Went to Washington alone,
Tho at times she had to ramble
Thru a region all unknown,
But she reached her destination,
Having little doubt or fear,
That the leader of our nation
Would at least incline an ear.

Interceding for her brother
Was the object of her call,
He, while caring for another
Had no sleep that night at all.
He, a sentry, was caught sleeping
In a most strategic spot,
For his life the girl was pleading,
He was sentenced to be shot.

Lincoln went and met the maiden,
Saw her sad and anxious face,
Knew her heart was heavy laden,
Heard her sad and sorry case.
His great heart would never harden
When he heard so sad a tale,
So he wrote the lad a pardon,
While his furrowed face was pale.

Sherrill.

ALFRED COOK.

Sherrill, Sunday 2-13-49

LINCOLN THE PIONEER

- Mary..Larkin..Cook---

He trod over hills and rocks and rills
When hardships great were rife,
To strive and toil thro grim turmoil
To build a better life.
He came to where the chance was fair
And worked with strength to gain
A better footing to a goal
Nor labored there in vain.

He came to here the pioneer
To battle trials anew,
With stolid grace he took his place
And kept his goal in view.
But struggled grim were made for him,
With 'toil his lot was cast.
When days were blue he waded through
To conquer them at last.

With rare good sense did he commence-
He owned a double share.
The great or small- he aided all
Which made him friends to spare.
His mind was sound as could be found-
He never stooped to shame.
With all his might he fought for right
Without a thought of fame.

Whate'er befell he did it well
For nothing would he slight.
No job tho hard would he discard-
For honest toil was right.
So one by one hard tasks were done
From lowest to the high.
He lowly came but climbed to fame
And mounted to the sky!

A marvel great at home, in state
He earned the world's renown.
A trusty friend to life's grim end-
One worthy of a crown.
The greatest man since time began
America would claim.
He freed the slave, his life he gave,
He saved our country's name!

So here's to him whose face was grim,
Whose life was true and square,
He led the way thro bitter fray
Mid trials a double share.
And here's to him though hopes were dim
Who won the world's acclaim,
Through power and might he scaled the height--
And LINCOLN was his name!

OUR LINCOLN
- Mary Larkin Cook--

In spite of lowly handicaps
That held him back in truth
With trials and criticisms
And poverty in youth,
With failures of his ventures
And sorrows great and sad
They did not break nor crush him-
This humble plodding lad-
Our Lincoln.

He ~~was~~ a sturdy character
With honor faith and vim
Who always had a purpose trye
When problems came to him.
He did not shirk his duty-
The hard things that he met
But waded in with grit to win
Nor stopped to doubt nor fret-
Our Lincoln!

And never did he think at all
Of selfishness or fame
But humbly took the honors won-
Was ever just the same.
He did not use as stepping stones
The souls of other men
But helped to lift the common folks
In life, time and again-
Our Lincoln!

And so he lives in other lives
As he will ever do.
His job was that of being friend
To such as I or you.
He kept the faith nor failed a man
With righteous goal in sight.
He truly was the people's friend
Their guide and shining light-
Our Lincoln!

* * * * *

(written in 1935)

LA MUTABILITE.

BY LIZZIE B. COOKE.

Oh God, forgive us! but our feeble hearts,
Feeble when stroughest, dream'd Thy justice
slept,

Oft questioned, doubted Thine impartial
truth

Until our souls grew bitter, and we deemed
Thine arm was shortened that it could not
save,
Thine ear was deafened that it could not
heed.

Men scanned each other's faces, and the smile,
Faded and ghastly, fled their tight-press'd
lips,

That scarce could frame the question, "Friend!
what news?"

Or part for answer, "Fields aflame with
blood,

Added disaster, will God never wake?"

But lo! upon the cold, dead face of Night

Undimpled by a star, a rosy flush

Shimmer'd athwart the gray—a golden spear,

Swift-spel'd, gave token of the morn; and men

Grew glad and songful, spoke of victories

By land and sea, of triumph over Wrong,

Of Freedom to the slave, through ling'ring
years

Sorrowed, and ernshed, and anguished; spoke
Till sobs 'broke utterance. From crowded
marts

Impassioned prayers arose, and many hearts,

Long-closed, expanded into full, sweet bloom;

And brazen-throated bells rang out wild peals,

And banners kissed the breeze!

Ah me! ah me!

How sorrow follows gladness! Our dear God
Well knows how frail we are, and wher' we
walk

Our hands tight-lock'd in rosy-finger'd Joy's,
He touches them, and cold, and stiff, and

stark

Our idols are, and we, we can but shroud
Their faces with the grave-cloth, close their
eyes

And follow weeping.

Gay! so gay! our hearts

Throbbing such joyful march-tunes for our
feet.

A few days brimmed with gladness, and there
came

On one unfolding morn, a fearful tale;

A tale that made men shudder as they read:

"Our Nation's Chief, our wise, our cherished
One,

Struck by a traitor's hand, lay dying slow!"

Such were the words, and when the next
morn woke

'Mid bursting buds, and songs of meadow-
larks,

And robins' carols—he was God's—not ours!

Bells from their towers toll'd, and starry flags,

Drooping and shrouded, hung from mast and
spire,

And organs murmur'd low through fretted
aisles

Soul-melting dirges, till the people bowed

Their heads upon their hands, and vengeance
rose

Within their breasts, demanding blood for
blood:

And through the streets, to beat of muffled
drum,

In solemn death-march, sad processions passed
Bearing his dust, flower-strew'd, 'mid stricken

throngs.

But God was wakeful. Thought you that he
slept?

1865

His hand wrought retribution—even now

The murderer and victim, face to face
Confront before Him—ah! weak hearts, which

best
God's punishment, or ours, on guilty heads?

FLUSHING.

The Lincoln Memorial

BY S. L. COOPER.

You stand upon this quiet spot,
O massive structure, reared in white,
In memory of an honored name
Made glorious in freedom's right.
To you the privilege is given
To show, by outward form and grace,
This tribute from a nation's heart
To one who loved the human race.

Each stone within your honored walls
Was chosen to endure an age,
And show, throughout the centuries,
His wondrous fame on history's page.
But while you strive, in years to come,
To stand as witness to his fame,
Your walls will crumble and decay,
While bright will shine his glorious name.

He was not always honored thus,
But had to face opposing storms;
He often walked in loneliness,
Enduring scorn in all its forms.
Yet, steadfastly, with purpose true,
He held his course unto the end,
And when his heart was stilled in death
Humanity had lost a friend.

Now each succeeding year but shows
How true and noble was his aim,
And here inscriptions on your walls
Will but his greatness loud proclaim.
So be thou his memorial;
May all the years of time be thine;
God grant our nation shall endure.
As long as Lincoln's name shall shine.

Washington Star 5-31-22

Copeland, Benjamin

Abraham Lincoln.

Full half a hundred circling years have dawned
and waned away.

Since Lincoln, crowned with martyrdom, passed
to eternal day;—

On freedom's altar, in his name, our grateful
gifts we lay;

Our God is marching on!

Chorus.

Forever, fadeless his renown; his fame, from
sea to sea,

Shall brighter, fairer, dearer grow, with every
century;—

His monument, the land he saved, the union,
strong and free!

Our God is marching on!

Chorus.

In the memory of Lincoln our allegiance we
renew;

'Neath the pine and the palmetto throbs one
purpose, warm and true;

And o'er north and south, united, floats the
Red-and-White-and-Blue!

Our God is marching on!

Chorus.

For liberty and righteousness our banner he
unfurled,

Till earth's last desolating scourge to deepest
doom is hurled,

And joy of peace and brotherhood shall fill
and flood the world!

Our God is marching on!

Chorus.

—REV. BENJAMIN COPELAND.

Wilson, Feb. 10th.

Abraham Lincoln

Tune: Music of "The Battle-Hymn of
the Republic."

Full half a hundred circling years
have dawned and waned away,
Since Lincoln, crowned with martyr-
dom, passed to eternal day;—
On Freedom's altar, in his name, our
grateful gifts we lay;
Our God is marching on!

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Our God is marching on!

Chorus:

REV. BENJAMIN COPELAND.

Zion's Herald, February 2, 1937.

Too Large Was Lincoln's Heart

REV. BENJAMIN COPELAND, S. T. D.

Too large was Lincoln's heart,
To hold the memory
Of any wrong, by faithless friend
Or open enemy.

Full keenly did he feel
The wound so deeply made:
The cruel, unprovoked assault,—
The confidence betrayed!

But early had he learned,—
And so he chose to live,—
That it was wiser to forget,
And happier to forgive.

To this fine mold he shaped his soul,
Whatever might befall,—
With malice ne'er toward any one,
With charity for all.

The better angels of men's hearts
Were very real to him:
The kindlier mind, the nobler will,—
The soul's blest seraphim!

Confiding in their strength, he kept
His solitary way,
Cheered by the patient hope that all
At last would own their sway.

And so, like Him whom he enshrined
Within his faithful soul,
He set his face unfalteringly
Toward the appointed goal:

One country, and one flag, whose stars
Should light, forevermore,
The hearts and hopes and hearths of men
On every sea and shore.

Buffalo, N. Y.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Born 107 Years Ago Today)



Well may we all to Lincoln homage pay,
For Patriotic Duty points the way,
And tells the story of the debt we owe—
A debt of gratitude that all should know;
And ne'er will perish that historic tale.
To him—The Union's great defender,
hail!

Through battling years he steered the
Ship of State,
And ever proved a Captain just and
great.

—KINAHAN CORNWALLIS.

LINCOLN

By JAMES D. CORROTHERS

I

UPON a flatboat, floating with the tide
Of a great river, a young boatman stands,
Lofty of brow; great-hearted; in his hands
An oar to steer his craft. On either side
Of the broad river, sees he, stretching wide,
The waving corn fields and the cotton lands
Where slaves toil in the sun. One whose commands
They do, rides, whip in hand, with brutal pride,
And smites, with bloody, lacerating rod,
Their naked backs 'till crimson shows. "Oh, God!"
Cries the tall woodsman, "if thou hast a plan
To free these bondmen, hath the earth a son
To execute it, Father---even **one?**"
God's angel whispered: "Aye! **thou art the man.**"

II

In after years a mighty statesman stood
Where two roads parted, pondering the way.
Over one road the seeming light of day
Streamed; dark the next road looked, and little good---
The roads were Self and Human Brotherhood.
Self wound thro' scenes of glory, bright and gay,
While Brotherhood's high lights seemed ashen gray.
He **might** have chosen as a mortal would,
But for a vision sent him from above:
Again he heard the bondmen's wailing cry
In white fields stretching by a river dim;
Again God's angel came to plead with him.
Knowing it meant, perchance, that he must die,
He turned from Self to Brotherhood and Love.

CLDPOYD

(Cousin Emma)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Closed now those lips, which,
with resistless away,"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY COUSIN EMMA.

Closed now those lips, which, with resistless sway,
Could thrill the breast, each stormy passion bind—
Closed are those eyes, where beamed the heart's soft
ray—

Whence flashed the effulgence of unequaled mind!

Oh, fiend! disguised in manhood's garb divine,
Who, impious, dares the noble vestments wear,
Receive, exulting, at thy bloody shrine,
The noblest victim ever offered there!

So dear was honor to his manly heart,
That he, devoted, followed e'en her shade;
He knew thee, false and hollow as thou art,
Yet still the cause of justice he obeyed.

His conscience pleads, the fatal place to shun,
My hope, my glory, for my sake refrain;
Each pulse that beats proclaims his country dear—
But, oh, for once his conscience pleads in vain!

Formed to rule—yet generous to excess—
He vowed no blood on his pure hands should glow—
The murderer's bullet crashes through his brain—
He bleeds, he falls, and life's last currents flow!

Victim to vile ambition's lawless rage,
Bathed with his country's tears the hero fell!
Pride of all hearts, and glory of thine age—
Bright soul of honor, patriot pure, farewell!

*Spencer, Huntington, Ohio
2/13/37*

The Great Emancipator



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

His Name and Story

God's ways are wise beyond our highest
Thought.

To meet a great occasion he designed
A man of power, and then the marvel
wrought

Out of the common stuff of human kind.
He built his body with our common clay
And veined his flesh with streams of
common blood,

Then kindled a great soul with his
own ray,
And lo, the man sublime before him
stood.

And then he thrust him into great af-
fairs,

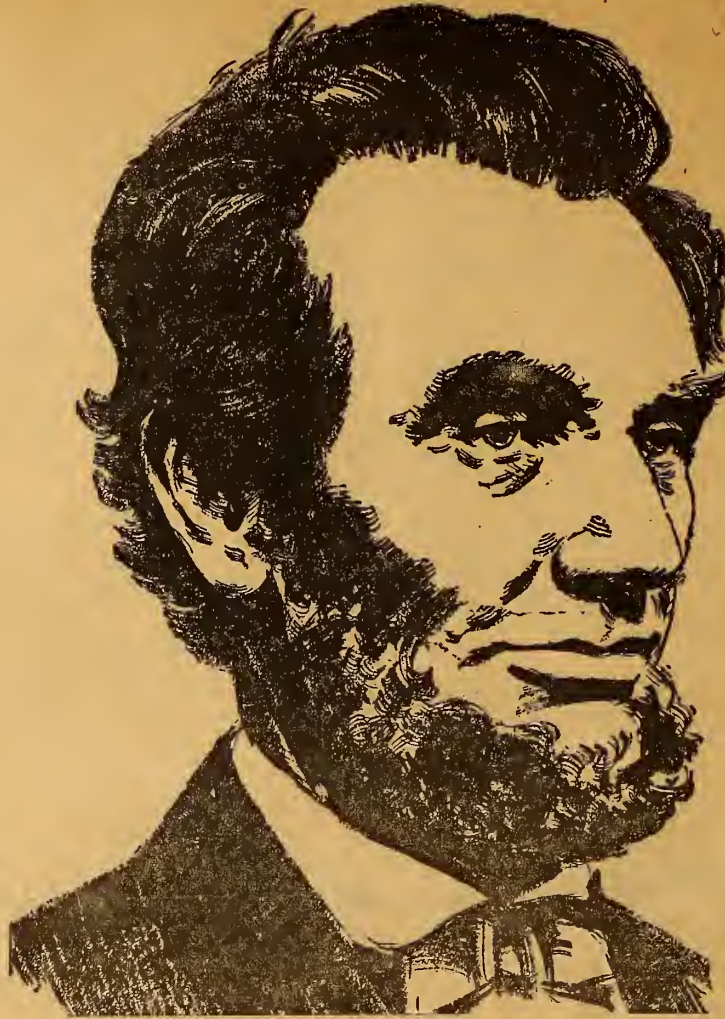
With work to do that taxed his mighty
strength;

He burdened him with weighty woes
and cares

Of a distracted nation, till at length,
His labor ended, Lincoln's name and
story

Become a portion of his country's glory.
—Frank Brooks Cowgill

2/8/36



LINCOLN LIVES

War drums are still, the battle flags are furled,
The martial hosts melt into common clay,
But Lincoln serves an unforgetting world;
Our Lincoln lives today.

Amid the stress and tumult of our time
He still inspires the nation, and he gives
To patriot purposes a faith sublime;
The faithful Lincoln lives.

He lived not for his day and land alone,
But for all time and men beyond the sea;
His ashes may be locked in steel and stone,
His spirit is still free.

When ruthless passion flamed and hands of hate
Stained our dear flag with fratricidal gore,
He plead for one vast Union, strong and great,
And does so evermore.

He loved beyond the bounds of race or clan,
And for mankind the martyr's pathway trod;
World-citizen on earth and timeless man,
He also lives with god.

Frank Brooks Cowgill



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Frank Brooks Cowgill

"War drums are still,
the battle flags are
furled,"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

We pause once more during this month of February to place the laurel wreath of undying fame upon the brow of the patriot, the humanitarian, the Colossus of conscience, the incarnation of the national ideal, the apotheosis of Democracy: Abraham Lincoln.

He was our own "Father Abraham," who believed in God, and who also believed in man, black or white, and in man's equal manhood, and even justice to all; who sought no glory, who feared no death, who shirked no hardship, who never whimpered nor complained. Indeed, he was our own "Man of Sorrows," who agonized in his lone Gethsemane and to his very death with tears and bloody sweat until his task for a great nation was done, with all the world as witnesses. No wonder that a thousand thousand Americans have made pilgrimages to his tomb as to a shrine, to chant their requiem and to kindle their patriotism anew.

It took four years of downright dogged struggle to convince his countrymen that they could trust his judgment. It took a murderer's bullet to prove to the world the greatness of his simplicity, his unswerving fidelity, his unyielding determination, his honesty of purpose, his uncommon common sense, and his selflessness which did not shrink, even from the last full measure of his devotion.

Yet how completely the common sorrow caused by his tragic death fused and welded a divided country into a solid whole, for after his assassination, had the continent cracked it would not have been into North and South. The very rocks, which malice had hurled at his honor, then changed into monuments to his glory. The very spears, which envy had aimed at his character were transformed into rungs in the ladder of his own ascent into immortality.

Lincoln is not dead. Is he dead, who speaks more forcibly than we can speak, who acts more potently than we can act, who moves in our modern world like a prescence real and near, a silent ad august companionship? He is, indeed, disenthralled of flesh, but his life is grafted upon the Infinite.

And in these distressful times, as we turn to draw new inspiration from the memory of the real heroes of the race, of those benefactors who have changed the enchanting dreams of humanity into realities, high upon the scroll of grateful and affectionate remembrance we shall ever find writtten the name of our soldier, chieftain, and martyr, Abraham Lincoln.

E. F. S.

"The Great Citizen" Sat. Feb. 8, 1936

The Christian Advocate
Feb. 11, 1937

Lincoln Lives

Frank Brooks Cowgill

War drums are still, the battle flags are
furled,

The martial hosts melt into common clay,
But Lincoln serves an unforgetting world;
Our Lincoln lives today.

Amid the stress and tumult of our time
He still inspires the nation, and he gives
To patriotic purposes a faith sublime;
The faithful Lincoln lives.

He lived not for his day and land alone,
But for all time and men beyond the sea;
His ashes may be locked in steel and stone,
His spirit still is free.

When ruthless passion flamed and hands
of hate
Stained our dear flag with fratricidal gore,
He plead for one vast Union, strong and
great,

And does so evermore.

He loved beyond the bounds of race or
clan,

And for mankind the martyr's pathway
trod;

World-citizen on earth and timeless man,
He also lives with God.

LINCOLN LIVES

War drums are still, the battle flags are furled,
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But Lincoln serves an unforgetting world;
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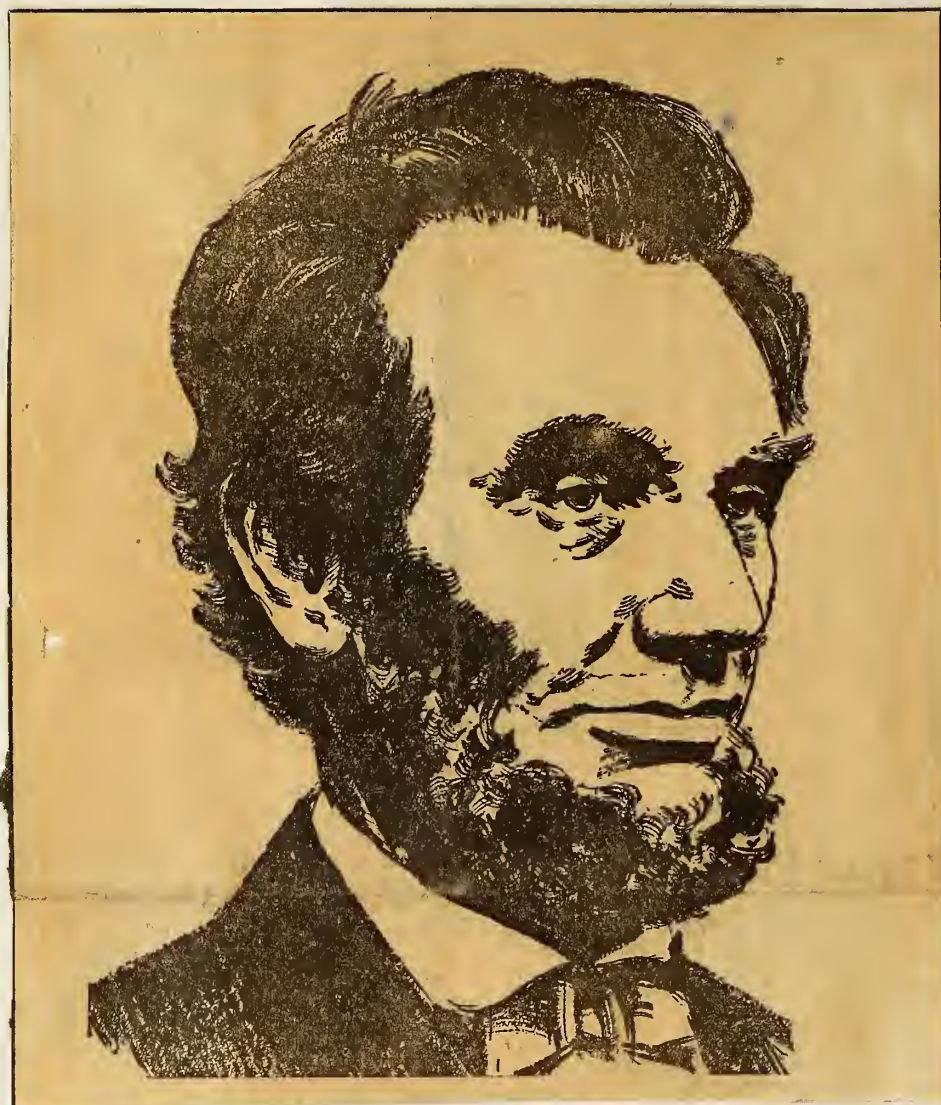
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And for mankind the martyr's pathway trod;
World-citizen on earth and timeless man,
He also lives with god.

Frank Brooks Cowgill

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament,
and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and
ever."

Daniel 12:4



THE GOOD CITIZEN



HIS NAME AND STORY

God's ways are wise beyond our highest
thought,
To meet a great occasion he designed
A man of power, and then the marvel
wrought
Out of the common stuff of human kind.
He built his body with our common clay
And veined his flesh with streams of
common blood,
Then kindled a great soul with his
own ray,
And lo, the man sublime before him
stood.
And then he thrust him into great
affairs,
With work to do that taxed his mighty
strength.
He burdened him with weighty woes
and cares
Of a distracted nation, till at length,
His labor ended, Lincoln's name and
story
Became a portion of his country's glory.
Frank Brooks Cowgill.

Lincoln The Martyr

O, poet, painter, sculptor, story teller,
Portray our Lincoln, greatest in the roll
Of all our heroes, till the humblest dweller
Shall feel the mighty magic of his soul.

Portray the statesman whose prophetic vision
Foresaw his land redeemed from slavery's wrong,
As o'er the raging sea an isle elysian
Gleams in the sunlight beautiful and strong.

Portray the patriot who did not falter
Mid dangers and disasters manifold,
But fed the constant flame on Freedom's altar,
And in whose presence fainter hearts grew bold.

Portray the martyr whose sublime decision
To save the Union stood against the flood
Of hate and calumies until his mission
Rewrote and sealed the covenant with blood.

Ye poets, praise him; dedicate your treasures
Of song to this our citizen supreme,
While many minstrels match your flowing measures
With music worthy of your lofty theme.

Ye scribes, who write the annals of our aeon
For curious readers of a distant date,
Put first in dear Columbia's pantheon
His name upon the tablet of the great.

As time reveals the splendor of his spirit,
And years increase the luster of his name,
May children's children, all who see and hear it,
Be warmed and lighted by its holy flame.

Frank Brooks Cowgill

San Antonio Park THE GOOD CITIZEN *2/15/41*
California First Methodist Church

Lincoln's Patience



His soul was like the sun whose ardent ray
 Falls on a waiting world and brings to birth
 The fragrant flowers that bloom along our way
 And all the life that glorifies the earth.

His love, like summer whose impartial rain
 Falls on the barren rock and waving wood,
 Distilled the dew of tears for those in pain
 And blessed alike the evil and the good.

He heard the jeer of fools and lie of foes
 With patience and with fortitude sublime,
 As one who in a raging tempest knows
 The storm will pass and truth prevail in time.

He faced the civic problems of his day
 And with strong logic wrought his judgments out,
 Until he saw with certitude his way
 And firm conviction took the place of doubt.

With Christian patience and regard sincere
 He answered foes whose words were hot with hate;
 His faith, when other hearts were faint with fear,
 Sustained the falling fabric of the state.

O paragon of patience and good will,
 Like Him of old who trod the tumbling wave,
 Say to the tempest in our hearts, "Be still!"
 And be with us a presence strong to save.

—Frank Brooks Cowgill

At the annual meeting of the Lincoln Fellowship of Southern California this poem, in a beautifully printed folder, was presented to each member. (editor)

NEW SALEM

By FRANK BROOKS COWGILL

New Salem is no more, but in the span
Of her few years a nascent hero trod
Her thoroughfares, a humble, uncouth man
Who loved his fellows and who trusted God.

He was at home with men of low degree.
No charm of person prophesied the hour
When he would save a nation and would free
A race from bitter bondage by his power.

His soul was fertile as the teeming soil
Which holds and nourishes the growing grain,
And holy purpose grew amid his toil,
As harvests ripen under sun and rain.

His love was warm as sunshine on the earth
Inviting confidence, dispelling fears,
Devoting wit to winsome, stingless mirth
And keeping laughter very close to tears.

New Salem saw his sturdy manhood shaken
By loss and sorrow passing words or measure
When from his arms the lovely Ann was taken
And death removed his greatest human treasure.

New Salem passes, but tradition's page
preserves the story of this little town
Which might forgotten be from age to age,
But for one citizen of world-renown.

By one distinguished citizen a score
Of lesser men are lifted out of night,
Their follies and their virtues evermore
Exposed to view in Lincoln's fadeless light.

New Salemites live in the light of one
Who gave our human world a deathless story,
As planets moving round a central sun
Bask in the light of its unending glory.

To Lincoln's Mother

You wore no crown of jewels rare,
No robes of silks or satins fair;
No scepter by your hand was swayed;
Your life of simpler things was made.
Yours was no dwelling place of stately halls;
No far-sought tapestries adorned its walls;
But grim against God's sky it stood,
Hewn and fashioned from virgin wood.
For you, the fellowship of toil
With one who sought, upon the soil
Of barren wilderness, to build
A home with love and laughter filled.
And yet you gave to us a man—
A man formed on God's noblest plan;
Gaunt was his frame, but with true beauty —
As when gentleness companions duty.
Tread softly! This is holy ground,
For resting in this lowly mound
Sleeps she, who in an hour of peril gave
One, destined by God our land to save.

—Arthur E. Cowley.

*On visiting the grave of
Nancy Hanks Lincoln
A. E. C.*

*Reprinted from
1/1/24*



The Pastor's Page



THE LINCOLN PEW

(Written after a visit to the
Springfield home of Lincoln and
sitting in the Lincoln family pew
used by them while worshipping at
the First Presbyterian Church
there.)

*Here Lincoln prayed and light was made
To shine upon his troubled way,
And voices bade his heart be strong,
God was his comrade fighting against wrong.*

*Here Lincoln prayed and felt anew the power
That girds men for Life's crucial hour;
For as he fellowshiped with the Unseen,
He learned upon God's Heart to lean.*

*Now softly on his anxious soul there fell
The hymns of faith, the spell
Of others, yearning, struggling in the fight
To find their way through darkness unto light.*

*And then the deep assurance of God's Word,
That though hearts fail, hope be deferred,
Still yonder come the conquering Hosts of God
To tread the path His servants trod.*

—Arthur E. Cowley.

A NOBLE FELLOWSHIP

With what reverence did I look at this pew. I
also remembered the Washington Pew. Then there
is the Roosevelt in the St. Nicholas Reformed
Church in New York City. One may see the Harding
Pew and the Wilson Pew in the church of his fathers.
If such great and noble souls with all their heavy
responsibilities and many tasks felt the need of regular
worship in God's House, how much more do you and I
need it? What a noble fellowship I join as I worship
in My Father's House.

3/10/29

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lincoln, beneath thy spirit's cope I come
Like a shy child, that in the silent wood,
Lifting her voice in hymns, half understood,
Sudden is 'ware of Vastness, and is dumb.
Didst thou not fitly rate the empty hum
Of words, below the monumental dead?
Oh, yet, ere mellow silence fills my reed,
It must sound forth the call: Arise! Become!
I charge you by his still uncounted sum,
By his unvalued toils for this our state,
I charge you by his solemn martyrdom,
Arise, become a land reconsecrate!
Freedom may fall without the warning drum—
To Her, once more, by him be dedicate!

CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD.

New York Tribune 2-12-15

March 2-12-09
Abraham Lincoln

Written for The Denver Times

BY CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

ONE HUNDRED years ago today
Another savior of mankind
Was born, and lived and passed
away
And left undying fame behind.

A tender, grand, exalted soul,
So near to earth and God's right hand,
We feel that thou dost still control
The destiny of this great land.
Thy gentle spirit looking through
The dearest eyes I ever saw
Are holding statesmen, brave and true,
Dictating justice, truth and law.

I cannot speak for other men.
But when a youth I saw your face
You took my boyish hand, and then
I saw your soul with all the grace
That cast a halo 'round the spot;
When comrade fainted by my side
You gently laid him on the cot,
While fell the tears you could not hide.

Great, tender, trusting, loving heart,
You wept because you could not stay
The blighting hand that tore apart
The soldier souls from mortal clay.
Yet uncomplainingly you stood
The calumny and bitterness
Of enemies to God and good,
And paid them back in tenderness.

O holy, holy love like this
Which I, a soldier, feel for you.
And I would deem it perfect bliss
To be assassinated, too.
If I could leave such love behind
'Neath freedom's starry flag unfurled—
Be called a savior of mankind
By all the freedom loving world.

Lincoln

Immortal man, God lost the plan
That builded you, and yet how few,
Could understand that mighty, grand,
Unselfish soul, that held control
Of minds—of men. Unflinching when
In darkest hour, you had the power
To stand and fight for Truth and Right,
And sip and sup of bitter cup
When thorns bore down upon your crown,
And smiling cool—at ridicule,
You loved none best, North, South, East, West,
But loving all while earth you trod.
Like Christ Himself, you lissed the Rod,
A martyred Masterpiece of God
And sure as Christ was born for Good,
Was mocked and scourged, misunderstood,
Betrayed, deserted and denied,
And by His people crucified,
So like the Christ you lived and died.

—Captain Jack Cranford.

Brooklyn Daily Eagle 2-12-13

HE LOVED BOOKS

By Vesta P. Crawford

Few were the books young Lincoln ever saw;
In the frontier West of the long ago
He read the Bible and the books of law.

Lincoln's few books upon the splintered floor,
And yet each humble word wore lifted wings
That called his skyward thoughts aloft to soar.

Oh, radiant pages lighted by a flame—
There Lincoln learned from shining word
The truths that make a banner of his name!

Young Cath Messenger
2-8-35

Cross, Alan Eastman

Pass ON the Cross

"Pass on the torch, pass on the flame "

Brooklyn N.Y.
Feb 13-1932 THE LITTLE MINISTER

Pass on the Torch

Pass on the torch, pass on the flame;
Remember whence the Glory came;
And eyes are on you as you run,
Beyond the shining of the sun.

Lord Christ, we take the torch from Thee;
We must be true, we must be free,
And clean of heart and strong of soul,
To bear the Glory to its goal.

America, God hear the prayer—
America for God, we dare,
With Lincoln's heart and Lincoln's hand,
To fling a flame across the land.

O Lord of life, to Thee we kneel;
Maker of men, our purpose seal!
We will, for honor of Thy Name,
Pass on the Torch, pass on the flame.

—Allen Eastman Cross.

The Dallas Morning News
February 12, 1962

Abraham Lincoln's Prayer

*(Abraham Lincoln's earnest childhood prayer ran thus:
God bless us all. Help my dog to keep on being a good
dog, and don't let any of us get lost in the wilderness.)*

A child made fearful by the encroaching dark,
The entangling sod,
Felt he must turn for greatly needed help
To Almighty God.

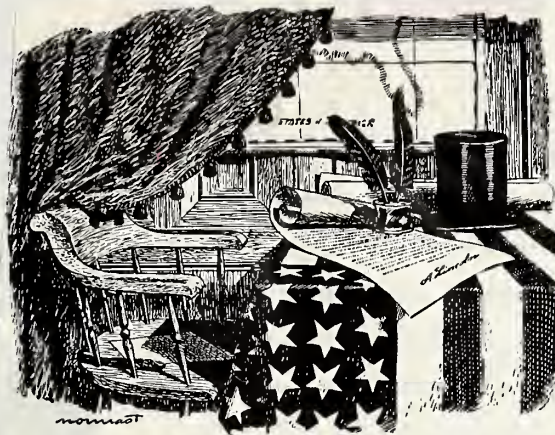
Dear child of long ago, so should we too
Pray that we may
Through the bewilderment of our own wilderness,
Not lose our way.

The lowering maze about us reaches far.
We cannot know
What threatening dangers lie within its midst,
Nor which way to go;

But surely like the young lad we can trust
For answered prayer,
Knowing that God will hold his universe
Safe in his care.

(And God, we would pray that the boy's dog, as it should,
Did "Keep on being good.")

GRACE NOLL CROWELL



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, HIS SIGNATURE

By Grace Noll Crowell

Today I saw a parchment scroll,
 I watched the yellow sheet unroll,
 I saw a signature grown dim
 With the passing years. . . . I thought of him,
 Besieged, hard-pressed, distraught and worn,
 His face deep-lined, his great heart torn
 By the agony of war; by men
 Who craved his hand upon a pen
 To further causes of their own:
 Commissions, pardons, he alone
 Could bring to fruition. I could see
 Him ponder, then deliberately
 Affix his signature that meant
 Dreams might come true that had been dreamt.
 "Abraham Lincoln," slowly the name
 That burns in hearts like living flame
 Ran fluently along the page.
 Today I saw it after age
 Had tested it—a name to stand
 For right and justice in a land
 Still tempest-tossed, still scarred by war;
 A name forever standing for
 Uprightness, honesty and truth;
 A chart for Age, a spur for Youth.
 All homely virtues that endure
 Were spelled within that signature.

Abraham Lincoln Still Speaks

"With malice toward none; with charity for all—"

Hark! a voice is ringing down the land!

A voice so clear, the simple words so plain,

That any listening child can understand.

And all who have forgotten Lincoln's goal

As he worked for his beloved country's good

Must surely read the words with bated breath

And feel their might and power as they should.

Across the centuries the voice still sounds

Its imperative, its sincere and earnest call;

It is as if Christ's voice had joined that plea,

Bidding mankind have charity for all.

Ah! wise are men and nations that give heed

For the sake of a sorrowing hurt world's bitter need.

—GRACE NOLL CROWELL.

The Lincoln Memorial

*A cabin, rude, upon the prairie
wide,
Gave shelter when was born a
royal soul
Whose path led straight to mar-
tyrdom for goal,
Who, freeing slave, by slave of
hatred died.
The passing years have only magni-
fied
His greatness, till to-day a nation,
whole
Because he lived and heeded
God's control,
Has paused to honor him with lov-
ing pride.*

*No cabin but a marble structure
white,
Imposing in proportions, nobly
wrought,
And of a classic beauty, now
enshrines
His sculptured figure. Here be-
neath the light
Of history we gaze in reverent
thought
Upon his face through which
God's spirit shines.
—Jane C. Crowwell, in the Congre-
gationalist.*

Lincoln

Who would have thought that
gaunt and awkward boy
From the backwoods would cast a
spell upon
The minds of men that after years
had gone
Over his grave, with no power to
destroy
The memory of him his country
holds—
That still intent biographers would
strain
To analyze his greatness and ex-
plain
The secret of his strength, the
strength that molds
A nation's character? Not Wash-
ington
Or Jefferson (both noble gentle-
men)
Were needed; only he, that dark
time when
He looked ahead and saw what
must be done.
Man of the People, Lincoln stands
alone.
Flesh of his country's flesh, bone
of its bone.

NORA B. CUNNINGHAM.

FOR ABRAHAM LINCOLN—1944

So much has been written of you and
said

Of you, and yet so much is left to dare
Imagination—like inviolate air

On ancient moon-far peaks. Here now
the dead

Lie ravished on the lands. Waters are
red

With more than sunlight shafted to a
flare

Uniting sky and sea. Could you still
bear

Such murder for a dream's poor, fragile
thread?

Ah, yes, if you could rise from scattered
dust,

Speak from the sorrow and the pain
you knew,

You would say peace must be like bitter
rust

Upon a sword that murdered not a few
But many for a dream whose words
were flung

Bravely from your sad heart when you
were young.

PEGGY SIMSON CURRY.

2/2/44

SPIRIT OF LINCOLN

It Will Be Needed to Create a Lasting Peace

To the Editor of The Courant:—

As we celebrate the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, the following poem, I think, deserves republication. I clipped it from the editorial page of the Christian Science Monitor of February 12, 1917. The author's name was not given:

Had Lincoln lived
How would his hand, so gentle yet
so strong
Have closed the gaping wounds of
ancient wrong.
How would his merry jest, the way
he smiled
Our sundered hearts to union have
beguiled.
How would the South from his just
rule have learned
That enemies to neighbors may be
turned.
And how the North, with his saga-
cious art,
Have learned the power of one great
trusting heart.
What follies had been spared us,
and what stain,
What seeds of bitterness that still
remain

Had Lincoln lived.

Today one cannot help realizing how badly the world needs the spirit of the great-hearted Lincoln. The end of the war in Europe is no doubt still far distant, but even now we ought to be thinking about "the shape of things to come," about the peace treaty which must necessarily follow the fighting, about the nature of that new world which we all fervently hope and pray is going to be made possible if and when Hitlerism has been destroyed.

Now, the danger is that the history of the last war will be repeated; that a long-continued struggle will rouse passions and create hatreds which, as in 1918, will make a punitive peace inevitable, whoever may be the victors. Somehow, this must be prevented; the mistakes of the past must not be repeated. And they need not be if only the spirit of Lincoln can be impressed upon the minds and hearts of the nations' leaders. Lincoln, after four years of bitter fratricidal strife, could still find it in his heart to say: "With malice toward none, with charity for all." And when he called for "a just and lasting peace between ourselves and with all nations," it was with a full realization of the fact that for a peace to be "lasting" it must necessarily be "just."

And so, as we do honor to Lincoln, let us pray that our hearts may be imbued with the spirit of Lincoln when victor meets vanquished around the peace table.

JOHN S. CUSTER.

Avon. *Harvard Courant*

